

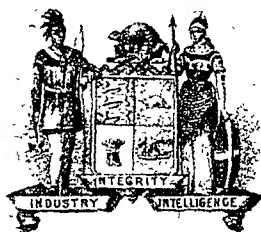
Recent

*Canadian West
Letters*

By

R. G. MacBeth, M.A.

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June 4 - 1913

RECENT
CANADIAN WEST
LETTERS

(HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE)

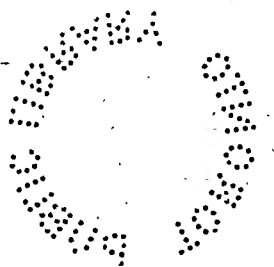
by

REV. R. G. MACBETH, M. A.

AUTHOR OF

"The Selkirk Settlers in Real Life"

"The Making of the Canadian West"



PREFATORY NOTE

The writer of these letters was born in the famous Selkirk Colony on the Red River and has been familiar with the whole West since boyhood. For the last few years he has been in a pastoral charge in Ontario and these letters, written to the Brantford Expositor, are the outcome of a recent re-visit to the West in July and August, 1911. Weaving the past with the present, the letters attracted much attention, and are now re-published by request.



Starting West

ONE who lives in Brant County or anywhere thereabouts, and who knows from observation, will not expect to see, outside that county, fairer scenes or more decided evidences of comfort, prosperity and peace. There is perhaps, too much disposition on the part of some Ontario people to speak as if the future of Canada lay entirely in the lap of the Great West of the Dominion. Ontario's future is much more bright-hued than some seem to imagine. Ontario is by no means a back number. By reason of the immense wealth and variety of her products, the homogenous nature of her population, the character of her religious and educational institutions, the wide sweep of her manufacturing industries, Ontario is likely to be the premier province of Canada for an indefinitely long period. The harnessing of the great cataract of Niagara in old Ontario, and the opening up of the unlimited wealth in New Ontario, assures the province of a wonderful industrial and agricultural future. If Ontario is true to the high ideals of her pioneers, and maintains her devotion to the institutions that make a country great, then the sceptre of her primacy in the sisterhood of Confederation is practically assured for a period exceeding that now above the horizon of ordinary human vision. But Ontario needs to develop more of the sanguine and the hopeful in her temperament. The West has thriven through the indomitable hope of her people, ever since the first settler trod the banks of the Red River of the North and held the ground despite the most desperately discouraging circumstances. Let us take a leaf out of the book of the optimistic West.

But, in any case, it does us all good to travel a bit, and so I find myself on board a C.P.R. train, heading for the sunset doorway of the Dominion. The C.P.R. is my oldest railway acquaintance, for it was the first to come to the western country in which I was born, and sentimentally I feel an attachment for this wonderful organization. Some people believe in government ownership of railways, and some in railroad ownership of gov-

ernments, but without entering on these questions, and apart from them, one can be forgiven if he feels a kind of comradeship with the railway whose whistle first broke in on the isolated stillness of the great prairies of the West. The C.P.R. is now an enormously wealthy corporation. One feels that some of the surplus should be coming to the people, but the road had its own troubles. Its treasury was often so empty that only the pledging of the personal property of the directors tided it over the shoals. The immense land grant has made the company rich, but one has to remember that the railway made the land valuable. No one would propose giving such a land grant to a Canadian railway now. But one recalls that once upon a time even so great a statesman as Sumner favored offering half the state of Illinois to any railway that would enter it. And one has only to travel over the almost interminable wilderness of the north shore of Lake Superior, and through the passes of the western mountains to understand how at one time the ablest of our statesmen expressed the opinion that the C.P.R. would not pay for its axle grease.

There are pathetic recollections aroused by the trip over the north shore of Lake Superior. One is the thought of the heavy toll in human life paid for the construction of the railway. Through blasting the rocks, and handling the explosives which some of the men, especially the foreighers, only dimly understood, it is well known that the way is strewn with nameless graves. And one remembers, too, how in 1885, the soldiers going from the East to aid in suppressing the Riel rebellion, struggled over the unfinished gaps, in slush and mud, and carried with them to the end of their days, the marks of the exposure. One does not see much change in the railway points of the north shore. The cold in winter and the isolation the year round does not make it an inviting place of residence. Only the railway men, with their devoted wives and children, and a few business men in stores, etc., live here. And we think again, under the circumstances, of the heroism and trustworthiness of these railway men, section men, train men, superintendents, etc., and we reflect how much they hold in their care the lives of the travelling public. We are not sure that this obligation to the men of the road is fully recognized by any one. But now we are coming to the head of the lake and may have a word or two to say as to the

twin cities which stand at the place where water and land transportation meet.

P.S.—The first group I met on the train had in it a miner from Cornwall, England, a Saskatchewan farmer, a tourist going round the world for the second time and a Winnipeg buyer just back from purchasing rugs in Constantinople. This is a cosmopolitan company.

II.

The Twin Cities

AT the close of my last letter we were nearing Port Arthur and Fort William, the twin cities at the head of the lake. Perhaps a Fort William man would rebuke me for putting Port Arthur first, but I am taking them in order of travel. Fort William is entitled to priority on account of seniority at least. It is an old and historic point, redolent of tales from the stirring days of the strife that waged in the opening of the last century between the great fur trading corporations, the Hudson's Bay and the North West Companies. The general outline of the history is full of romance, pathos and tragedy. That dashing soldier of fortune and buccaneer upon the high seas, Prince Rupert, being a court favorite, obtained from the easy-going King Charles in 1670 a charter giving to "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" the right of practically controlling the fur trade of half a continent. This was the biggest kind of a monopoly, but there was no one in the allotted territory to protest. The Indians and bears and buffalos and wolves had no friends at court, and so the charter issued, though it is safe to say that it was not the last charter secured by some one "having a pull." But some years afterwards the North West Company was formed with base at Montreal. It was extremely aggressive from the outset, and whereas the Hudson's Bay was operating largely on the northern coasts, their rivals began to push across the continent direct from Montreal. For years, until their amalgamation in 1820, there was incessant conflict between them, and Fort William, as a North-west point, became a hot centre in the

strife. It was a great meeting-place for the fur traders and wild enough carousals took place when the season of work was not in full blast. Then one day, in reprisal for an attack on his colony on the Red River, Lord Selkirk, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, took Fort William with an armed force and opened the way for more trouble. To-day Fort William is more noted for its grain elevators and docks than for either carousals or fur trading. A hustling city, full of ambition, energy and strength, now stands where the picturesque and adventurous hunters and trappers of the long ago locked horns in deadly enmity. Port Arthur is not so historic. It pertains to the modern day and grew up in the ordinary commercial fashion. Then it suffered from the collapse of a "boom" and for some years was decidedly inactive—not dead, but at least quiescent. But a few years ago came along those two remarkable "transformers," McKenzie and Mann, and made Port Arthur the new starting point of the Canadian Northern, their proposed trans-continental railway. And now Port Arthur is getting to be as well known as its namesake, around which the Russo-Japanese war revolved. The prospects are that these twin cities at the head of the Lake will become practically one. If they unite the problem of a new name may have to be faced, and some composite of the two present names may be adopted.

Speaking of names, one regrets the disposition of some in the West, to drop the designations that, if not musical and aesthetic, are at least historical and alive with romance and intense with incident. Fort William is one of those, and ought to stay on the map. A little further on we find the old "Rat Portage" changed into an amalgam of three names and called Kenora. This latter name is more musical, perhaps, but there is no history in it compared to the old name, which took one back to the days when hunters and trappers and voyageurs had to carry their canoes and packs across the portage between two navigable water stretches. No wonder that even Rudyard Kipling made poetic protest against the proposal to change "Medicine Hat" to something which might be more euphonious, but which would certainly be less charged with memories of the wonderful days of the Red Man on the plains of the West.

But going back to the story of the business revival of Port Arthur under the magic touch of Mackenzie and

Mann, one sees another example of the amazing success in business, of men who started with nothing. Here again we are on debatable ground, and I am somewhat out of sympathy with any conditions which throw so much wealth and power into the hands of individuals. But until we change those conditions we are forced to admire the extraordinary energy with which some men break the bar of circumstances and go forward to business distinction. In this case, two Ontario lads, brought up amongst limited surroundings, graduating from the farm and bush, are thrusting a road across the continent in a way that has attracted not only the attention of the business world, but has won for them an Imperial decoration. Mackenzie seems to be a sort of wizard of finance, while Mann, silent, strong and forceful, is a practical individual all the way from getting ties out of the woods to pushing the gigantic scheme of gridironing a country. Of course they have good men to work around them. There is a big Mackenzie connection, and they all seem to be workers. And there are others. A good many years ago there was a little stub railway running north from Portage la Prairie, and in the "boxcar" office where its business was handled a young Scotchman named D. B. Hanna was the mainstay. To-day you can find him in the Canadian Northern office in Toronto—one of the vice-presidents—for Mackenzie and Mann discovered his powers and got hold of him. Hanna is tall, raw-boned and indicative of strength and energy to the last degree. He is becoming grizzled a little with the burden of the years and his face suggests to one the craggy lineaments of David Livingstone. He is not "pretty," but he makes things go like a locomotive, and as he is about coming to his best in experience and general power, he is likely to go far yet along the road of business prominence. As chief counsel in the solicitor's office, we have Mr. Frank H. Phippen, one of the keenest lawyers in Canada, and a prodigious worker. Phippen, who was a fellow-student of mine in a Winnipeg law office, was appointed a Supreme Court Judge, but resigned that dignified office to get back into the hurly-burly of life again. He likes it better. Such are some of the men who are making the material West.

- This is different from saying that they are making the West material, which would not be complimentary.

We need captains of industry, but we need prophets also, because where there is no vision the people perish. Let captains of industry and prophets understand each other and work for the common good of the country. Captains of industry can make the lot of the prophets easier, and prophets can make business safer, by their influence on character.

III.

Nearing Red River

WELL, we have passed over the rock roads between Fort William and Kenora and have come in process of travel to the edge of the prairie country east of Winnipeg, though the prairie proper does not begin till one is west of that city. But the black soil found only in the Red River valley is coming into the scenery—soil which becomes tremendously muddy in rainy weather, but which is practically inexhaustible as a producer of grain and roots. The landscape is indicating the familiar ground over which I travelled since childhood, and one feels like saying with the Highland chieftain:

“My foot is on my native heath,
And my name it is MacGregor.”

Since I saw it last the approach to Winnipeg is changed in many ways. To begin with, there is a good sized city of some 10,000 or so, east of the Red River, where there was formerly nothing but bush and a certain amount of swamp. Here it is apparent that people are building for larger expansion, because the most prominent edifice is a magnificent school erected at a cost of \$100,000, and having a staff of 15 teachers, and there is another school of six rooms nearby. This indicates the growing nature of the district east of the Red. Further south than this, of course, is the old French settlement of St. Boniface, founded by the Roman Catholic priests as far back as 1819. This part was for some reason not very progressive, but the tide of commercial progress has caught it lately and carried it along. St. Boniface has now a great cathedral, but it is not likely ever to be as famous as

the old wooden church with its "turrets twain," which Whittier immortalized in his beautiful poem, "The Red River Voyageur." If by chance any of our readers have not read that poem, let all such rejoice over a treat in store and look it up at once. Whittier never saw the Red River, but he had read the description and then penned one of the sweetest lyrics in the language. The poem made the old church famous. Strange how often we learn the dominance of mind over matter. A great costly structure may be unknown to fame, but a wooden building touched by the genius of a Whittier springs into the light of the world's knowledge. The millionaire's abode on Fifth Avenue may attract a passing glance of curiosity, but the peasant cottage of Robert Burns draws pilgrims from all over the globe as to a shrine. A heap of brick and mortar is nothing but the scene of a great soul's struggle is a magnet. And now we pass over the Red River into Winnipeg proper, crossing by a new bridge. The crossing of a river is so often, in history, a red letter event that our imagination lingers upon it. "The crossing of the Rubicon" has been famous since the days of Julius Caesar and stands for a step of special decisiveness. The crossing of the Red River by the first C. P. R. engine, not over a bridge, but over a temporary track on the ice, back in 1881, was in reality the beginning of a new era in western development, and upon some of the thoughts awakened by that event we may dwell in another letter.

IV.

The Days Before Winnipeg

AND so, as indicated at the close of the last letter, we cross over the Red River to Winnipeg, a remarkable city which is year by year eating up the green prairie and transforming it into asphalt streets. The changes that have taken place within a comparatively short period, as history goes, are suggested at once by the fact that the site of the great C. P. R. station at which we enter, with the palatial hotel in connection, was our football field in college days when Winnipeg

was young. Because it must be remembered that though Winnipeg is the place everyone hears about now it is only of recent date, as compared with other points on the river. And as the object of these letters is to knit the present to the past, I turn aside to the earlier history.

Winnipeg's Early History

On the present site of Winnipeg there once stood three forts, Fort Rouge in the south end, Fort Douglas in the north end, and Fort Garry at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers. I give these in order of time. Fort Rouge was erected by La Verendrye, an early French explorer, and the other two by the Hudson's Bay Company. Of these nothing now remains but the names and the history, except in the case of Fort Garry, whose rear gate still stands near Main street and Broadway. This gate is carefully preserved now and is surrounded by a small park, which is one of the gifts of Lord Strathcona to the city. I remember Fort Garry in its palmy days, when it was composed of the quaint houses, surrounded by the high stone walls with frowning bastions at the corners. Nine powder guns and loopholes made the place look formidable to the roving Indian and the buffalo hunter. It is a great pity that this Fort was not preserved intact and made into a museum for the display of relics and souvenirs of the primitive romantic days that can never be reproduced. As such, it certainly would have kept the old history alive and would have attracted tourists from all parts of the world as they passed to and fro on the earth. But alas! the spirit of this commercial age triumphed over sentiment and with ruthless hand the grand old Fort, teeming with historical recollections, was dismantled and put on the real estate market at the time of the first Winnipeg boom in the early eighties.

Red River Colony

There is much to be said about Fort Garry, and we will return to it, but in the meantime we will take a look at the unique colony on the Red River which made the existence of Fort Garry possible. That colony is known to history as the Selkirk Settlement of Kildonan, as the settlers called it after the Scottish strath from which

they came in 1812, and the three following years, to the Red River country. There is a thrilling story here, but it is too long to relate now. We shall look at it only by pages. On the first page we have the record of tyrannous landlordism in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, with the picture of peasant farmers being driven from their tenant-holdings and their houses burned to prevent their return. The Scripture suggests that a man is better than a sheep, but the landlord of that day saw more money in the sheep and the man had to make way for the more profitable animal. On the second page we have the record of Lord Selkirk, then Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, statesman and philanthropist, coming to his persecuted fellow-countrymen, offering them homes in the Red River country, and bringing them out there by way of Hudson's Bay. On the third page we have the record of the heroic struggle of the colonists for existence in the new land. They were ten years on the Red River before they grew enough to supply their own needs. They hunted buffalo in the winter and fished in the summer. They sowed their little fields, but floods and grass-hoppers and the enmity of the North West Fur Company prevented them reaping time and again. Finally, on the fourth page, we have the record of their triumph over all difficulties, and the picture of the comfortable homes, the church, the school and the college, which they built for themselves and their children. Travellers who began to find out this Western Arcadia in the sixties, nearly half a century after it was founded, wondered at the general culture and education of this settlement so remote from the haunts of men. And travellers were always hospitably received by these colonists. "No bolts had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows. * * * But their houses were open as day and the hearts of the owners."

Early Missionary Work

It was to this place, the home of my childhood, that I turned when I reached Winnipeg last week, going down with my brother to the old homestead and preaching there on Sunday morning in the old historic church—the first Presbyterian church erected west of the Great Lakes. This church is made illustrious by the memory of the great ministry of Dr. John Black, who for over

thirty years labored in laying foundations in the new land. During nearly all that time he labored without the presence of any fellow minister of his own church, upholding alone the Blue Banner of the Covenant. Intense of nature, eloquent in speech, learned in theology, mighty in the Scriptures, John Black did imperishable work in the service of the church and the country. His influence not only over his own people, but over the early immigrants, was deep, and still persists in the lives and work of those who came under his ministry. In the church yard his body reposes. This is one of the sacred places of the West, since here we find the graves of James Nisbet, the first of our missionaries to the Saskatchewan Indians, of Dr. John M. King, the great principal of Manitoba College, and Dr. James Robertson, the seer and superintendent of our missions in the West, who built so nobly on the foundations laid by the pioneers. This colony was the nucleus around which those who came to the West first gathered. These colonists, simple, devoted, God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping people, claimed the land for the Kingdom and set upon it the seal of high ideals. They were the first to stand as actual settlers on the edge of the great prairie towards the setting sun, and to them our nation owes an immeasurable debt of gratitude for what they were and for what they did.

V.

West of Winnipeg

WHEN a man leaves Winnipeg in a westerly direction he strikes the prairie in good earnest, although the spread of settlement in recent years has changed the bare and treeless character of it. This change depends, of course, on who the settler is that occupies a particular spot. In one locality I heard two commercial travellers discussing the landscape and one said to the other, "I have noticed that wherever there is a well-cultivated and tasty-looking farm, with some trees and neat buildings and sheds for the machinery, that someone is sure to remark: "An Ontario farmer lives there." And I may add my own conviction

that the West would be enormously the gainer if it had fewer men wearing out the earth in their anxiety to get rich quick, and more men with the steady industry and carefulness of the Ontario type of farmer. Incidentally, I might observe that I have met on this trip a great many men of all the walks in life almost, and for the most part they are willing to concede the primacy of Ontario amongst the provinces. Of course, I have met other men who are quite sure that in ten years the capital of the Dominion will be moved from Ottawa to Winnipeg or Calgary or Edmonton. I think these men are doomed to some disappointment on that score, but I like an optimist, even if he is extravagant enough to believe that the sun rises and sets west of Lake Superior.

East and West

In the meantime the West is glad to get much of its equipment from the East. Wherever there is a railway station on the broad prairie, there the eastern manufacturer of plows and reapers and threshing mills and the rest of farm requirements has his agency and his machinery.

Names that are very familiar in Brantford are everywhere on these western machinery signboards, and a Paris man is glad to find that, for the cold days that are ahead, merchants are well stocked with the woollen and knitted goods from the town at the forks of the Grand.

Winnipeg to Edmonton

I travelled from Winnipeg to Edmonton by the Canadian Northern Railway, which, I suppose, got its name from the fact that it swung away from the first trans-continental road towards the polar star and intends to reach the coast after having served the country that stretches towards Hudson Bay. In fact it looks as if the Canadian Northern will have "two strings to its bow," and is steering for ports on both sides of Western Canada. My father, who came to the Red River country by way of Hudson Bay, and who, later on, had voyageurs tripping annually to that Bay for goods from England, used to say that he considered the Straits navigable for enough of the year to make a paying route. He used to add to that statement the qualification that no one

could overcome the engineering difficulties on the way to the Bay, but he, dear old soul, did not know that in our day engineers would be able to build anywhere and enjoy it.

Town of Portage

One of the first towns of interest west of Winnipeg is Portage la Prairie, historic as the name implies, for its connection with the old days of the voyageur, and noted in our days as the point which gives the name to the famous "Portage Plains," which for the last forty years have been synonymous with great farms and heavy yields in grain crops of all kinds.

A Great Explorer

Then, at the town which bears the illustrious name of Gladstone, we veer off to the north again and strike the Lake Dauphin country. This is a fine wheat country, and the look of things betokens general prosperity. This is the region from which came to Ottawa, Mr. Glen Campbell, whose picturesque sombrero appearance and equally picturesque language made him an interesting figure on Parliament Hill. One of his chief distinctions to me is that his father, Robert Campbell, was one of the greatest men in the early history of the Northwest. Tall and stately, this Robert Campbell was a striking figure, and one of the most trusted servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. He it was who first discovered and explored the Ytkon River half a century before the days of the gold rush—and only the modesty of this remarkable man prevented the river being called by his name. One who knows something of the history of the West is reminded in almost every town of the brave, upright, incorruptible men, who composed the early band, which won for the corporation they served, the real right to the prefix "Honorable" before the name of their company.

Dukhobor Settlement

As we go farther we come across the tract of land of the Dukhobors, whose leader, Peter Veregin, built

a castle for himself not far back from the road, a castle he says not to live in but to be remembered by in future years. We are not quite sure that a house will keep any man's name green in history. The Doukhobors have been something of a disappointment. When they first came to the West, I, as secretary of the Winnipeg Ministerial Association, read an address to them in the Immigration Hall before a gathering of the Winnipeg people. We welcomed them to a free country, after centuries of persecution, largely at the hands of the tyrannous Russian church, and we were right in doing so. It would have been better if they and some others like them had not been settled in exclusive colonies. They have not realized the better conditions of our civilization; their religion is too much mixed with ignorance; they have the zeal without knowledge which is always dangerous. Their views as to the sacredness of animal life make them unwilling to work horses or oxen, and farming on the prairies with teams of human beings is not a success. But they are learning, and the steam plow solves their difficulty as to animals, which is passing away in any case. A large proportion of these people have moved out to British Columbia, and we have good hopes of their ultimate success. They are ready to suffer for their convictions, and that is a tremendous argument in their favor. They are healthy, pure blooded and moral, and the years will rectify some of their failings.

On to Prince Albert

On we speed to Warman, where we leave the main line to go northward, still on the C. N.R., to Prince Albert. The country here becomes more wooded and more beautiful, and on the way we see abundant evidences of prosperity in splendid farms and homes. It is a much longer-settled district than anything we have recently passed, and when one comes to the station of Duck Lake he is reminded of the stirring history of these places, and so we will consider it and Prince Albert in our next letter.

VI.

Rebellion Recollections

THE road north from Warman to Prince Albert runs through a country which for trees and homes is, as already mentioned, in pleasing contrast to the bare stretches of uncultivated or only newly-cultivated prairie over which we have been recently passing. Settlers have been in here for thirty years in some cases, and this, taken along with the fact that the country is wooded and the land fertile, makes the district more like the Red River country, or even Ontario, than anything we have recently seen. It is a great grain area, and elevators abound at the stations. At Rosthern, about midway from the main line to Prince Albert, there is a most thriving town, and it is said that few individual points anywhere ship more wheat. But Duck Lake is the station with a history, since it is named after the point a short distance away, where in 1885, long before the railway era here, the battle took place which gave fierce intimation that rebellion was afoot in the Saskatchewan country.

The Riel Rebellion

The story of the two Riel rebellions is too long to tell here, but as a great many people seem to be woefully mixed in regard to the real facts, a brief outline may be given. The leaders in the first rebellion in 1869-70 were Louis Riel, O'Donahue, who was studying for the priesthood in St. Boniface, and Ambrose Lepine, who, on account of his great stature and physical prowess, was the adjutant-general of the rebel forces. On the advent of Wolsley, with his military force in the summer of 1870, the first two escaped across the line, but Lepine, after a few days' absence, went to his home in St. Norbert, not far away from Fort Garry. He was arrested there by two officers of the law, he saying to them at the time that he could "knock their heads together," but would submit to their authority. He was tried and sentenced to death before Chief Justice B. B. Wood, a most able man, formerly of Brantford, to whom must be accorded the honor of laying, under the new regime, the foundation of western jurisprudence. The

sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for a term with permanent forfeiture of civil rights, and I have often seen Lepine since—a striking figure upon whom the years seemed to make light impress. O'Donahue, who in many ways was the most subtle and dangerous of the three, vanished, but Riel went over to Montana and engaged in ranching and teaching school, and the land had rest for fifteen years. Then another rebellion broke out amongst the same class of people, who had already vexed the country with their revolt. The main cause of the second rebellion among the half-breeds of the Saskatchewan was Government insistence on the rectangular or-square survey of the land as opposed to the long narrow river farms which these people preferred. This, with some undoubted delay on the part of local officials in issuing land patents, caused much discontent, but it is not likely that any serious trouble would have resulted had not Riel been sent for by his friends to become their leader. This action flattered the inordinate vanity, which was one of Riel's leading characteristics. He came back, and his inflammatory appeals fell on the discontent of the half-breeds like fire upon a dry prairie, and in a few days rebellion was ablaze with a half-crazed man at its head. A small detachment of Mounted Police under Crozier, augmented by a volunteer corps of prominent Prince Albert citizens, went out to get some government stores at Duck Lake. They were met by an organized force of half-breeds under Gabriel Dumont and Chief Beardy, and in the course of a conference a rifle was, some say accidentally, discharged, an Indian was killed, and the rebels with every advantage on their side almost wiped out the police and citizens. It was a grievous and shocking affair, but the news of it sped to the heart of the Canadian people, and called into the field, in an incredibly short time, a force that soon put an end to the revolt. As Scott tells us in the "Lady of the Lake" of the way in which the shrill whistle of their chieftain called the clansmen to their feet till it seemed that

"Every tuft of broom gave life
To plaided warrior armed for strife,"

so the red appeal at Duck Lake summoned to Western plains a host of Canadian men, who were ready at any cost to defend the lives of the settlers and uphold the honor of the flag. The whole thing was sad and un-

fortunate, but it revealed to the world the stuff of which Canadians are made. The lintels and the doorposts of the new national fabric were sprinkled with the blood of some of our choicest sons, and homes all over Canada were made desolate, but the answer to the ambushade of Duck Lake was unmistakable and was public notice to all concerned that Canadians can take care of their country.

VII

The Prince Albert District

PRINCE ALBERT has an interesting history, dating back farther than most points between the Red River and the Mountains. It is, in a sense, an offshoot from the old Selkirk Settlement, the senior colony west of the Great Lakes. History records that the key of the missionary has opened more doors in the world than the sword of the soldier or the enterprise of the trader, and it is not otherwise in the case of Prince Albert. The first Presbyterian pastor in the Selkirk colony, the Rev. John Black, felt that as soon as his work there had taken root there should be effort made to extend it into the regions beyond. In fact he wrote plainly to the church in Scotland and in Eastern Canada that he could not pray for the extension of the Kingdom, or urge his people to missionary duty unless some field for the exercise of their energy in that regard was opened up. And in response to his urgent request the Rev. James Nisbet, who had come west from Oakville, Ontario, to help Mr. Black, was set apart by the Foreign Mission Committee to the work of opening out a mission amongst the Indians of the North West at such point as might be considered most suitable in location and most likely to develop self-support ultimately. Mr. Nisbet, who was my brother-in-law, having married one of my older sisters in a family of twelve, of which I am the youngest member, prepared to carry out these marching orders. He called to his counsel and help John McKay, another brother-in-law, a native of the country, and a skilled plainsman, also a brother, Adam MacBeth, a cousin,

William MacBeth, and with George Flett and one or two more set out in 1866 over the plain to the North West. It was slow travelling, with oxen and carts to set the standard pace. The leaders of the party, with horses, did considerable exploring, and finally decided to locate on the north branch of the Saskatchewan, about 300 miles north west from their starting point in Kildonan. There Mr. Nisbet pitched his tent, and called the place Prince Albert, in honor of the late Prince Consort of Queen Victoria. It says much for the judgment of that early party to find that the spot where that tent was pitched is the very centre of the present thriving city of Prince Albert, and that up and down the great river there are hundreds of prosperous settlers in one of the finest districts of the West. The other day in Prince Albert I met my cousin, William, the only survivor of that pioneer band. The others have all gone over to the other side. Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, worn out by their devoted work, returned after some years and died within a week of each other, at the old home in Kildonan. They are buried there in the famous church yard, and over their dust rises a granite shaft erected by friends in all parts of Canada, but their real monument is on the banks of the North Saskatchewan. Mr. John MacKay, after doing enormously valuable work in helping to negotiate the treaties with the Indians, became a most successful missionary on the Mistawasis Reserve, and held that noted chief and his braves at peace in 1885, although Duck Lake, where the rebels seemed to be successful, was close at hand. A man of immense physical strength, a famous buffalo hunter and sure shot, MacKay was greatly respected by the Indians, whom he could address either personally, or at the camp fire council, in their own tongue. But he and his wife went down under the strain and exposure of the work and are at rest. And beside the grave of my brother Adam, the first mission teacher, I stood the other day before taking the service in the little mission church twelve miles or so down the great river below Prince Albert. He was an elder in this little mission church during the closing years of his life. George Flett did excellent work as a missionary to the Indians at Okanase, but he too has long passed away. Only one of the party survives, as I have said, but their work abides, and I have thus dwelt upon the record to show, in these days,

when there is much talk about investments, that the only investment which really counts is the investment of a man's life and influence for the good of humanity. The man who thus invests his life will be gathering interest on his investment after he has gone into the Great Beyond.

Hope of the Dominion

And having mentioned the little mission church below Prince Albert where I met the young student and his little congregation of less than one hundred, let me add that I felt free to say to them that the work of such congregations scattered up and down all over Canada was the hope of the Dominion, for such gatherings keep alive and vivid the sense of the unseen realities of life. Anything our readers may give to help such work has the hall-mark of religion and patriotism upon it.

Prince Albert Now

The city of Prince Albert is prosperous, beautifully situated and enthusiastic. It has splendid streets, a noble river with the Nisbet Boulevard to the front of it, strong business houses, fine churches and most excellent new schools. It is surrounded by an unusually good farming country, with every advantage that one could wish in that direction. It has, among other industries, one of the largest and most modern saw and planing mills to be found anywhere, employing hundreds of men, whose families swell the population. It has only one railway now, but others are pointing that way, and on the whole it and its district seem to me to hold out as promising a field for those who desire a new sphere as any I have yet beheld. The one railway at present is taxed to carry the imports and exports. Prince Albert is one of the places with a sure future, and all of it redounds to the credit of the judgment of the early missionary whose name and memory are revered by every citizen of the district.

VIII.

From Prince Albert to Edmonton

I LEFT Prince Albert, as I had left other places on the trip, with regret, and would fain have stayed longer, only that I had a greater desire to get back to the folks at home. But the western people are tremendously hospitable. The Apostle says that one of the qualifications of a bishop or elder is that he should be "given to hospitality." So far, at least, as that qualification goes, the western people could satisfy the requirements. Of course I had a good many relatives and friends wherever I have been, but even total strangers were cordial and hospitable. Any respectable traveller is sure of a welcome. Horses and automobiles were freely placed at my disposal everywhere, because the people like to see their visitors having some enjoyment and learning about the country at the same time. This is good for the country, because we all get good impressions and have pleasant recollections.

The road from Prince Albert to Battleford, or rather to North Battleford, which the new town is called (the other being just plain Battleford and south of the river) is now rather a roundabout one, one having to go by Warman. But the Canadian Northern is pushing a road through, north of the river, direct from Prince Albert to North Battleford. This will soon be completed. Part of the way from Warman to North Battleford I did not like so well. There is a good deal of very bare and rather impossible rolling country, but as one nears North Battleford there are great fields of grain and oats, and so on to Edmonton, with the country becoming more wooded and picturesque again as we go onward. Apart from the bare areas I have referred to, the whole district seems one highly calculated for successful farming, and some of the homes and barns bear evidence of long settlement and prosperity. There are towns all the way of more or less size, but all seem to be pretty well looked after by the implement firms of the East, if one may judge by the prevailing signboards.

The Implement Man

A friend of mine used to tell the story of an execution in the Western States where a considerable crowd of farmers and ranchers had assembled to see the hanging. The man who was to be hanged was allotted ten minutes in which to make any address he wished, but he declined to speak, upon which an implement man present said that if the condemned gentleman did not wish to use the time he (the implement agent) would be glad to use it in speaking to those present. It is not recorded whether the execution was carried out or not. We have not met with that kind of a case, but we all know that implement agents are out for business. And it is a good thing in these days, when hired help is so scarce, that the maker and seller of machinery are abroad in the land. General Grant once said that the man who really won the Civil War for the North was McCormick, the inventor of the reaper. The Southerners had their slaves to work on for them, but the Northerners had none. But when one man with the reaper could do so much harvesting that six men could be spared to go to war the question was solved and the North crushed out the rebellion by sheer force of superior numbers. And so we say, in these days when help on the farm is so scarce, and when every man wants his own farm, all honor to the maker and seller of machines which make extension of farm work possible, because the farmer, after all, has to feed the world.

Battleford

North Battleford, which we mentioned as, on the way from Prince Albert to Edmonton, has the present prosperity; but Battleford, the old town across the river, has not only hopes for the future, but has a history from the past which the new town has not. Battleford represents a quite old settlement, and was the centre of a good deal of conflict and interest in the rebellion days. It was besieged by Chief Poundmaker and his braves, or rather beleaguered, and for weeks its fate, with that of the settlers and citizens who had crowded into it, hung in the balance. Then Col. Otter, with the Queen's Own, made a spectacular march in double quick from Swift Current and relieved the town. But when

he went out a few days later to Cut Knife Hill to give battle to Poundmaker, the wily chief lured him into a fire zone and the soldiers suffered severely, but behaved most gallantly under the circumstances.

Funeral of Col. Williams

Then, I remember, that on the way home after the rebellion was over, we landed from our boats at Battleford for the funeral of Col. Williams, who led the charge at Batoche, but who succumbed to sudden fever contracted at Fort Pitt. I had met Col. Williams only a few days before, a fine type of soldier, and his funeral remains to me one of the most impressive services I have ever seen. The plain board coffin, wrapped in the flag, rested on the old gun-carriage, behind which his riderless horse was led; his own regiment, the Midland battalion, now going home without a leader, followed with arms reversed as chief mourners, and the cortege numbered over 2000 armed men. Four brass bands played the great music of the Dead March, which echoed out weirdly over the lonely upland prairie. As Chaplains Gordon and Whitcombe conducted the brief burial service inside the old stockade, bronzed and bearded men, who had passed through the campaign, and who mourned the loss of their gallant comrade, wept aloud. "Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men." All this came back vividly to my mind as we passed Battleford the other day.

Bresaylor

Then there is a settlement not far away, bearing the name Bresaylor, which name, as old-timers know, is a composite of three names, Bremner, Sayre and Taylor, the three first families of the district. All were prominent in the stirring history of the country, but it is specially worthy of note that one of the Sayres, a French half-breed, was the man over whose encroachment on the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company in regard to the fur trade, a new condition of things arose in the country. The charter of the Hudson's Bay Company gave them exclusive rights to the trade in furs, but as time wore on men ventured to trade on their own account, with the result that such men were punished by imprisonment or

otherwise, for so doing. Sayre was one of these, and he was imprisoned in Fort Garry. Two hundred of his fellow plainsmen, daring riders and deadly shots, gathered on the day of his trial, firing their shot-guns in the air and shouting, "Vive Sayre, la commerce est libre," (Long Live Sayre, trade is free); and from that day the Hudson's Bay Company monopoly of the fur trade existed in name more than in fact. This, too, I remembered as we passed Battleford.

The Ruthenians

Further on we come to Vegreville, where Rev. Dr. Arthur has a mission, a boys' school and a hospital, under the care of the Presbyterian church. In this place we have about 25,000 Ruthenians or Galicians settled in one huge colony, and men like Arthur who are trying to make them Canadian citizens of the best type deserve the most enthusiastic support. This is another chance for investment.

Fort Saskatchewan

Fort Saskatchewan is near Edmonton, which we are now approaching. The farms all round here show excellent results. The rain has been such as to produce rather rank growth, and what is wanted now is hot weather. Fort Saskatchewan was a Mounted Police post in the rebellion time, and I recall that we arrested there two men who were fomenting trouble amongst the Indians. Here I might say that, knowing the history of the early treaties and the location of the reserves, I have full confidence in stating that the Indians have all along been splendidly treated by the Canadian government. They never had any reason to rebel. Frog Lake reserve, not far distant from here, where in 1885 we buried nine bodies of those who had been massacred by the Indians, was, as I recall it "fair as a garden of the Lord." There the Indians had been given everything they needed, even to the erection of a flour mill for their own use. But when Riel's runners came among them, and the young braves got the taste of blood, they shot their teachers and helpers, they burned the houses and they erected sun-dance lodges to cultivate their daring and possibly terrify the pursuing soldiers. The incitement of the Indians was Riel's worst offence.

Fort Saskatchewan has now grown into a fine town. Here until recently the Presbyterian Church has a missionary, Mr. Forbes, who pioneered in the work till the place grew, and then with his devoted wife, went on to the Grand Prairie country in the Peace River district, into which hundreds of settlers are now pouring, even in advance of the railroad. This district will be heard from in agricultural history. But here we are at Edmonton, and find a subject for the next letter.

IX.

Edmonton and Strathcona

WHEN in 1885, after a strenuous series of forced marches from Calgary, 210 miles away, we entered Edmonton it was practically a Hudson's Bay Company post, with a few stores, etc. in a straggling village. The whole place seemed so primitive that one of the soldiers claimed to understand the letters "H.B.C." on the fort flag as indicating an existence before the Christian era. Edmonton was, in fact, one of the very old posts, being the centre of a great fur-trading area that stretched away to the North Polar regions, but it was by no means behind the times. In 1885 it was still enjoying the distinction of having just passed through the craze of the Winnipeg real estate boom, and in reality was the place whose exploitation led to the collapse of that famous movement. I call that Winnipeg boom in the opening of the early eighties a "craze" because there was nothing to justify it. The country was too young to support a big city, but the boomsters and the auctioneers extended the city on paper and included in their operations other towns towards which railways were said to be heading. Edmonton was one of these points, though there was no railway within hundreds of miles of it. But it looked "good" for the future, and at the auction rooms men tumbled over each other to buy lots at prices running up to near a thousand a piece. Then some man who came to himself tried to unload on someone else, who in turn took fright and the boom went to pieces. But if any young fellow had purchased an Edmonton lot in that day and held it up till now, he would

not need to worry over the question of bread and butter. For Edmonton is now a city of large proportions, with all the latest and most modern advantages. When I got off at the station I saw, not as in the time of my former visit, some man on a bucking broncho, but the Edmonton Radial Railway, with electric cars of the best type, and, near by, the automobile, which seems to flourish now all over the West.

But even before I had reached the station I had seen other signs of Edmonton's progress. There was an immense packing plant with the name "Swift" across it, indicating that the big Chicago firm has chosen this point as one of their places of operation. The presence of this plant shows that mixed farming in this region is a reality. Then we came suddenly on the fair grounds, and accustomed though we are to fairs of all kinds in these days, we confess that the extent and excellence of the grounds and buildings along the wooded banks of the Saskatchewan were a surprise indeed. The ground was only opened last year and the buildings are still spotless in their white paint, so that the whole effect among the surrounding trees is exceedingly picturesque. The fair, which opened on August 15, and continued for a week, is of considerable influence on the future of the country, since from time to time there will be brought together the products of the country from districts supposed to be still in the trial stage. Chief amongst these newer districts is the Grande Prairie and Peace River country, stretching away to the North. One remembers that the late Sir John Schultz, afterwards Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, was for a year or two in the House of Commons at Ottawa, an enthusiast on the Peace River district, and despite his frail health and the skepticism of many, he compelled the House and the country to recognize the possibilities of the great area. The farther north we can grow wheat the better will be its milling quality, and it seems likely that experimental farms will discover samples of grain and methods of cultivation which will make the growth of wheat a possibility much nearer the polar star than is now considered likely. Wheat grown north of Edmonton has already proven its superiority at large fairs on this Continent. Of course, there is no railway yet into the Peace River country, and those who go there must be prepared for a life of isolation for a time. But rail-

ways will go. One of the strong points about Edmonton is its being a place on the line of three transcontinental railways, and some of these or some of the local lines will doubtless project themselves towards the north. Edmonton is the capital of Alberta and magnificent legislative buildings are in course of erection. Across the river to the south the town of Strathcona lies. It is the seat of the provincial university, with new and very fine premises, the new Presbyterian Theological College, the Methodist College and many other institutions. When the big railway and traffic bridge now being erected between Edmonton and Strathcona is completed it is likely that these two places will be united in one city, which will be of considerable, rather too considerable, extent. People who owned or bought property early in these places, have made large money, but those who buy at the present high prices must not expect any marked advance on their money, for a while at least. This is true of most of the Western points. Investment in them is safe enough, but for some time there will be no such extraordinary turnovers at such advanced prices as in the recent past. I know of a man who put \$100 into a western city lot five years ago, and a few months back sold it for \$10,000, but the day of such phenomenal increases in value is over for the present. It is a good thing it is over, for we have many reasons from observation for saying that such sudden and unearned wealth is unhealthy for the individual and the country.

X.

From Edmonton to Calgary

I TRAVELLED on the Canadian Northern from Winnipeg to Edmonton but after crossing the river at Strathcona took the Canadian Pacific from that point to the coast via Calgary, Southern Alberta and the Crow's Nest Pass. The railway from Strathcona to Calgary touches here and there on the old Calgary-Edmonton prairie trail. Over this trail I had travelled before the railway era. When I last went over it there was not a living soul settled anywhere along the trail save a few who lived at the Red Deer crossing, but who had abandoned their home

during the troublous period. In that early day there were a few roving bands of Indians, and our passing through these with something of the pomp and circumstance of war kept quiet those who otherwise might have risen in revolt. Old Edmonton and the settlers round about were relieved by our arrival in the '85 period, and gave us a hearty welcome. But though times and places have changed since then, there is enough to indicate that this is the same country. There are relics of the past. Here and there we see still the picturesque rider of the broncho, clad as of yore in jingling spurs and leather leggings, and occasionally we find a group of Indians; but, reversing the poem of Bryant, we can say that cities stand where, undisturbed, the gopher mined the ground in the long ago.

Prosperous Looking Towns

From Edmonton all the way to Calgary there is a string of prosperous looking towns, Wetaskiwin, Red Deer, Lacombe, etc. The country up to within a few miles of Calgary, where it becomes more of a ranching type, seems well suited for farming and fields and farms abound. There is mud in plenty. There has been more rain than necessary and the streets of the towns and the country roads look to be more or less impassible, that is, with comfort. But the Westerner rather rejoices in mud. He says that mud and wheat go together. Mud shows the black soil which grows "number 1 hard" and makes the farmer's heart glad when he teams the wheat to the elevators which stand more or less thickly at every station. In the Middle West wheat is king, and so the mud is one of the assets of the country. Far out on either side of the railway line one can see the homes of the settlers, and can estimate in some degree the character and tone of the life. It must be lonely enough in some cases, though the places are not so far apart as they used to be, and as they come closer rural telephones will make things more pleasant. But in the meantime the man who lives on the prairie with his family must miss the social life and the shade trees and the orchards which add so much to the comfort of living in the province of Ontario. Still it took practically three generations to get the Ontario forest into the reasonable com-

fort of the home-like farm. It will take less time to make a farm productive on these plains, but one feels that there are some physical conditions which cannot be readily changed, and which render it unlikely that the prairie farm will have, in the near future, the pleasant surroundings that prevail in the older East.

Calgary

Calgary has all the bustle and drive of a growing city. On the way westward I passed through Edmonton in the early morning and struck Calgary in the afternoon so that one cannot make comparisons between these two somewhat rival cities. I shall see them on the opposite times of the day on the way back. But Calgary was certainly a busy spot. The station gave one the impression that a fair was in progress, but I was assured that it was only the ordinary traffic. A new station is in process of erection to accommodate the press of business. I had a motor drive around the city with a relative who is managing one of the large banking houses here. Calgary I knew first of all when it was the home of the cowboy and the broncho, with a few trading places and hotels, but to-day I see a city of palatial residences, handsome blocks and automobiles and auto trucks in all directions. On the upland between the Bow and the Elbow rivers, Calgary has the advantage of having good drainage and an unlimited water supply. There is evidence of expansion all about, and suburban extensions are growing up on the prairie around. When I was there the C.N.R. was coming in from the north with its construction work, and several hundred men and teams were rushing the road to completion, so as to connect with the Prince Albert and Edmonton sections. Here, as elsewhere in the West, the school buildings are noticeable for their excellence. The famous Calgary grey stone is much in evidence in the business and public buildings, and add to the massiveness and substantial appearance of the city. Of course every Calgarian believes that his city is the one place, but this optimism and civic pride is so marked all over the West that one takes it as a matter of course. But Calgary can stand on its own merits. Its situation and present attainment indicate an assured and expanding future.

XI.

Southern Alberta

FROM Calgary I took train to sunny Southern Alberta, going to Macleod and Lethbridge, and then through the Crow's Nest Pass to the Coast. Alberta was not "sunny" all the time. This was one of the rainy years, and the irrigation ditches could take a rest without damage to the country. The country south of Calgary towards Macleod has been more of the ranching order, but new things are at hand. The irrigation ditches are turning the dry plain into fertile areas, and the fall wheat idea is being tried with some success. I say "with some success" because it is not yet a decided success in all the localities. The snow does not lie heavily upon the ground and the Chinook wind has a way of coming along and thawing it off like the hot breath of a furnace. This may be followed by a dip of the thermometer into the zeros, and one knows that such conditions would not be wholly favorable to fall wheat. Nevertheless fall wheat is more than a mere possibility and one can readily believe that it will be a large factor in the future of Southern Alberta. Of course it is not the only product by any means, but it is specially mentioned on account of the fact that the West has not until lately been considered as a field for fall wheat growth.

Macleod is called after Col. Macleod, who was one of the best known of the early officers of the Northwest Mounted Police. Go where one will, over the West, he will be reminded by names here and there, if he knows the history—reminded of these famous riders of the plains who, despite the proverbial frontier tendency to lawlessness, have kept half a new continent as quiet as lanes of a country village in older lands. Macleod and Walsh and Steele are some of the more familiar names—Walsh, the captor of Sitting Bull, and Steele, who was widely known long before the days of the Strathecona Horse. But these names are typical of the rest—alert, strong, fearless men, passionately devoted to the doing of their duty and eager to uphold the honor of their corps. "Noblesse oblige" said the old French writer. "Nobility" compels us to do our best lest we bring discredit on a great name. And one did not wonder when he heard a

western man using this illustration in support of the continued existence of the several historic church denominations and saying that we were inspired to fight better for the King when we had to uphold the honor and great traditions of the special regiments to which we severally belong. We mention this, though do not follow out the argument here now. But before closing the paragraph on the Mounted Police let me say, though the West is rapidly becoming "civilized," there is still need for the restraining presence of this remarkable force, which is now under the able command of one of my old personal friends, Col. Perry, of Regina, whose prowess I saw tested in other days on active service.

Lethbridge is a stirring town growing with rapidity and full of life. I reached it about midnight, and found the night dark and rainy and the streets muddy enough to suggest Winnipeg in its early days. However, the sun came out by noon next day, and by evening the roads were practically dry. In regard to the streets the people of Lethbridge seem to be taking a wise course. They have an extensive sewerage system under construction, for which the large pipes are now piled here and there on the side streets. And they concluded not to pave or asphalt the streets until they had the sewer system installed. This will save tearing up the streets and seems a very wise provision. Meanwhile there is mud when it rains, which, however, quickly dries when the Alberta sunshine is abroad, which is most of the time. In fact this is rather a dry area, but irrigation works wonders and in some years the rainfall is abundant. Lethbridge has some fine residences and business blocks, with all the most modern improvements in electrical elevators and such like. The churches are handsome and the schools are up to the high western standard.

There is a magnificent Y. M. C. A. building erected last year at a cost of some \$80,000, which has the unique distinction of being entirely self-sustaining. In the top stories it has 45 dormitories, all occupied by young men of the town, and producing a revenue which, with the ordinary fees, furnishes full support for the establishment. In the town there are special playgrounds provided for the younger children, and an immense park right in the centre of the town is a good lung space. All about the town is a farming and ranch-

ing district. Not far away is the Mormon colony, where there is extensive beet growing with a large sugar refinery turning out the product. This Mormon question on its social side is one of our problems. The Mormons are industrious and thrifty, but they are tenacious of their beliefs, and confessedly vote in a solid body, which latter is always a great danger. It implies lack of freedom in individual thought and it puts power wrongly in the hands of a leader. It is a phase of the partisan system run mad. The Mormons are compelled to observe the law of this country as to marriage, but it is generally known that by various methods the law is evaded and polygamy practised. One man told me that polygamy would disappear before the modern craze for ostentatious living, which was spreading even amongst the Mormons, and under which the maintenance of one wife in style was generally all that a man could manage. But one does not know how far this rather crude suggestion will carry. In the meantime the Mormon peril is a real one in many ways, and deserves the close attention of both church and state.

XII.

The Crow's Nest Pass

LETHBRIDGE is the beginning of the famous Crow's Nest coal mining district, and has on that account, as well as on others, come up well to the front. But, alas! a strike is on amongst the coal miners and the mines all the way up from Lethbridge into the mountains of the Kootenay Country are silent and idle when they should be teeming with life and work. We pass the towns one by one, but there is "nothing doing." The miners, for the most part clean, orderly and sober, stand in hundreds on every platform as our train pulls in, and they look with some curiosity at the passengers who get out for a walk. The little stores in the camps are not doing much business, and on every hand there are indications of the stagnation which practically always attends on a strike. In the camps a passenger sees the homes with the women and children, and one says that if the women had votes they would vote to end

the strike. The home is always hit in the days of such economic locking of horns between employer and employed. There is strike pay enough to keep body and soul together, but the home needs more than that, and the strike prevents the supplying of these real enough needs—new boots for the children and an extra dress for mother for the winter, and the rest. The women, out of loyalty to their men folk, husband, father, brother, as the case may be, generally suffer in silence, but their suffering is real and oftentimes very great. As to the present strike, I, of course, would not venture any opinion as an onlooker, when others are working hard, but in vain, to bring the contending parties together. But a situation like this, which is bound to mean famine prices for coal on the edge of the long winter, and which may actually lead to death stalking abroad in the fierce cold, forces us to make some general observations. Personally, I have a strong feeling against the private or corporate ownership of such natural resources as these great coal mines in a country. Let men, if you will, own businesses that they create in a sense, as the product of their business power, but no man has created these coal mines and no man has the right to absolute ownership of them. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" is the statement of Holy Writ, and it seems to me that governments should recognize their trusteeship of great natural resources, and own them as trustees and operate them in the interest of the whole people. Government ownership and operation of mines such as these would make some of these economic civil wars impossible.

Failing that a compulsory arbitration act with all the attendant laws may be of great service. One admits the difficulty of dealing with these men—a great many are foreigners, unable to understand English, and easily led sometimes by bitter and unscrupulous individuals. But we should also remember the constant risk to life with which these men carry on their work. They never go into the mine but they practically take their lives in their hands, despite all the modern machinery and invention our age has witnessed. And amongst these "black diamond men" there are instances of the utmost bravery and the most intense and self-sacrificing devotion for the saving of those whose lives are threatened—instances occurring almost every day of deeds which, if done on the

field of battle would be rewarded by the Victoria Cross. These things at least we should think over as we sit beside our comfortable fires. Coal, like fish in the old song may be called "the lives of men." But though we have spoken above as to some methods of solving these labor and capital problems, I see no final solution but the Christian solution. The world suffers because it tries about everything else but that. Some day it will come to it, as the sailors who had laughed at Paul had to come back and put themselves under his guidance, that their lives might be saved.

The Ruins of Frank

Of all the mining towns we passed the saddest recollections are about the town of Frank, not far into the mountains from the foot-hill country. Here, it will be remembered that a few years ago a fragment of mountain—I say a fragment, but it weighed thousands of tons—crashed over the mining camp and buried it beneath an avalanche of rock. Far out over the valley the great mass was thrown in showers, where every drop was heavy enough to crush out any life that came into its way. Underneath this mass of ruin, homes and human beings were buried deep beyond all chances of recovery till the great day when the earth and sea give up their dead. Through this chaos of stone the railway has again been built, and around it other miners have built their little homes again. And as we stop at the station we see them there and their homes not far away, but our thoughts are still shadowed by the great catastrophe, and almost unconsciously we lift our hats in reverence as we pass away from the place where so many of our fellow mortals met death on that terrible night. It may not be out of place to say here that there is no spot where men feel their insignificance more than under the bristling crags of these towering mountains of the West. But in another sense men can realize their greatness. "Thou can't crush me," says the philosopher to the mountain in that noted book, "but I am greater than thou because I would be conscious of being crushed, but thou wouldst not be conscious of crushing me." Man is above the mountain in his possession of mind and soul.

The Thriving Town of Nelson

When we pass through the Crow's Nest Pass mining country we come to Kootenay Lake, where we take boat to Nelson, a thriving town of some seven thousand or so, with power enough in the beautiful Bonnington Falls nearby to turn the wheels of all the industries that could come into the place. Around it, as elsewhere in the Kootenay and Okanagan valleys, are hundreds of people engaged in clearing the land for orchards and fruit farms. The work looks hard enough, but we have no doubt that all through these valleys in the future thousands will live in comparative comfort on the product of these places. Of course, an Ontario man thinks the orchards small, and most of the fruit poorer in quality than our own, but then people can get along with poorer fruit than grows in old Ontario, and British Columbia will experiment and improve her fruit through the coming years till perfection is more nearly attained.

On Arrowhead Lake

From Nelson we have a score of miles of railroad again, and then get aboard a palatial lake steamer, which for "bed and board" measures fully up to the high C.P.R. standard of excellence, and we have the scenery in addition. For a day and a night we voyage on the wonderful Arrowhead Lake, calm, clear, cool, surrounded by the lofty mountains, snow-clad here and there, and majestic beyond description everywhere. We would advise everyone who trips to the coast to take this Crow's Nest journey either going or coming. It is a little longer in time, but it will pay well in every sense. It is a memorable journey—this on the great mountain lake under the shadow of the rock-ribbed hills on every side.

But here we are, at the end of it, and we take train for another short run to the main line of the C.P.R. at Revelstoke, and thence on to the Pacific tide.

XIII.

Down to the Pacific

FROM Revelstoke, a lively divisional point, the scenery to the Coast is varied and extremely picturesque. There is much history, romance, tragedy and pathos wrapped up in the place names along the run. The Thompson and Fraser rivers are called after two of the remarkable men who, long years before a railway was dreamed of, explored this wild region and made their way down to the Pacific 'de. Of them it could be truly said that their souls "yearned beyond the sky-line where strange roads go down." The Douglas fir, the great tree we begin to meet with, is not called after Sir James Douglas, the noted governor of the colony, as some suppose, but after David Douglas, a botanist whose passionate devotion to his favorite study, pierced the mountains to the coast in the prosecution of his scientific exploration. Kamloops, which we passed below Revelstoke, was a noted Hudson Bay post long years ago. It is an important town, around which there is a great deal of stock-raising, and the climate being dry and atmosphere rare, it is a specially good locality for people who are threatened with tubercular trouble. Trail and Hope, down the Fraser River are closely associated with the days when the miners trekked by thousands up to the Caribou gold mines in the fifties. And it is specially interesting to see on opposite banks of the swift-flowing Fraser the old pack-trail, hewn out of the rock as a road to the mines, and the modern railway with its rushing traffic. On the one, some three score years ago, the adventurous miners with their pack-mules, toiled along the narrow, dizzy roadway; on the other to-day, the iron horse, snorting so as to awake the mountain echoes, draws the train on which in the utmost comfort men pass to and fro on business or pleasure bent. The Caribou had its full tale of adventure and failure and success. Men tell yet of the famous "Caribou Cameron," who after some years in the mines left for the coast with sixteen pack mules loaded with the yellow metal. With the proverbial generosity of the miner he made a good many

others comfortable for life, but he himself died in comparative poverty at the home of a sister, whom I had some years ago the pleasure of meeting in Victoria.

Hearts are in the Right Place

I remember a friend telling me that once when a band of strolling players were giving a "show" in the miners' theatre, a little child began to cry in the audience. A miner had brought his family in and this was the first baby in the camp. And the miners stopped the show in a hurry, saying they could have that at any time but some of them had not heard a baby cry for years, and they wanted to hear it. Then they crowded around the baby and "dumped their gold-dust" till that baby was a thousand dollars richer as a result of the collection. The little voice had demonstrated that these apparently rough men were intensely human—the touch of the tiny fingers upon hands roughened by the pick and shovel and skilled with the six-shooter, had reached the souls of these exiles, and brought them back into the sacred atmosphere of home again.

Fort George

Ashcroft was the gate to the Caribou in the old days, now it is known as the starting point to Fort George on the Grand Trunk Pacific when it is built. A good deal is being said about Fort George the one way and the other. I would not undertake to advise investors on the point further than to say that from all I heard it would be advisable for purchasers of lots to have some assurance that they are within a few miles of where the town is likely to be. But in the meantime we continue our trip down the Fraser to the Coast, passing a good deal of country like the Chilliwack valley, where ordinary mixed and fruit farming thrives. The climate is mild, with no extremes the year round, but the scientists who freed the Southern States from the nuisance of mosquitos, would find a good field to demonstrate their powers in this part of British Columbia. We pass Westminster Junction, near which is New Westminster, the ancient capital of the colony. Across the Fraser from it there is a new city in the mak-

ing, called Port Mann, after the big railroader, Sir Donald, for here, too, we have the ubiquitous Canadian Northern, with great gangs constructing a transcontinental link on the opposite side of the Fraser from the C.P.R. Here and there these links are being built, and one of these days, before the people know it, Sir William or Sir Donald will be driving the last spike in a band that spans the continent. If it should happen to be Sir Donald, it will be the second time in Canadian history when a Sir Donald would thus complete a road which joins two oceans. If we could follow along the Fraser we would see the rich dyked lands toward the mouth of this noted river. But the railway here leaves the river, and makes a short cut for the great inlet which as the Vancouver harbor, could float the deep sea vessels of the world. Along this coast Capt. Vancouver sailed in 1793, and has his name commemorated by the island and the great city on the mainland. But after our trip by land from the east over the C.P.R. we may be pardoned if we think not so much of the sailor as of the intrepid Alexander Mackenzie, the Northwest Fur Company officer, who coming from Montreal and following in part, the great river which bears his name, traversed the mountain ranges to the coast after incredible hardships. Not far from where the city of Vancouver now stands this remarkable man left on a rock by the sea this notable inscription: "Alexander Mackenzie, overland from Canada, 1793." Honor to the pathfinders who blazed the way. As we speed along towards the coast city we pass Port Moody, which was once the "boom" terminus of the Canadian Pacific, but it finally went nine miles further toward the place where the Pacific pours its seething tide through the narrows into the great harbor. All along the inlet, as on the lower Fraser there is immense activity, for here huge lumber mills are cutting up the illimitable forests and sending British Columbia lumber to the four corners of the earth.

XIV.

Vancouver

VANCOUVER is one of the modern wonders of the world. Its site was explored, as we have said, by Capt. George Vancouver as far back as 1793. He entered the narrows through which the great ships now pass into the harbor, and he went seven miles up along the remarkable inlet. He found, before entering the inlet, a point of land, which in honor of his friend Captain Grey, he named Point Grey. Then he passed through to the harbor, which in honor of Sir Harry Burrard of the British Navy, he called Burrard Inlet or Canal. Then he went his way and for three-score years and ten the solitude was left undisturbed by the presence of the white man. The Indian rocked his canoe on the inlet where on any day now one can see ships from every quarter of the globe, and no one disputed his lordship of the isles and the sea. The giant firs and the whispering cedars through their sounding aisles echoed the cry of the wild animals, or the song of the birds, with only the accompaniment of the Indian shout. But the names given by Capt. George Vancouver in that early day still abide. Point Grey, a beautiful residential section of the city by the sea, is the site chosen for the provincial university and the colleges of the various churches for their new buildings, while Burrard remains as the designation of the harbor and the Dominion Constituency in which it lies. And going beyond the discoverer's program of nomenclature, that great railroader, Van Horne, who has not neglected the literary and artistic side of life, designated the Pacific terminus of the C.P.R. by the name Vancouver in April, 1886. But there was a town of small dimensions there before that date. A coal exploring party visited the spot and made some surveys in 1860. In 1865 the Hasting's Lumber Mill was established on the south shore of the inlet, where it still carries on business and a little village of workmen grew around it. Then Sir James Douglas, the governor of the colony, laid out a townsite, which he called Granville, a name which survives in one of the chief streets of the present city. This was the official name of the place, but locally it was known as Gastown—not because there

was any of that useful burning commodity, but because of the talkative qualities of the first business man outside the mill, to wit, one Jack Dayton, alias "Gassy Jack." Jack was the earliest saloon keeper. He moved from New Westminster in the early seventies and started business with a tent and a teacup and a barrel of rank whiskey. But the crop of fools who work for the saloon keeper and turn him over all they make seems always in evidence, and "Gassy Jack" did a thriving business. A village, however, with a thriving saloon and a mill which had often to close down till the hands got through their money and their spree was not likely to become much. But Confederation had taken place, and under its terms the Canadian Pacific Railway was pushing its way to the Western Sea. Passing Port Moody, the steel was laid to Gastown, which became incorporated in April, 1886, under the name of Vancouver. Then things began to look up, and business started with a rush. "Gassy Jack" lost his evil monopoly, and other and better businesses got going. A newspaper was begun with a hand-press, worked by a stalwart easterner, one Stewart, later on the chief of police, whom I knew in recent years. The paper was edited by Mr. William Brown, whom I met the other day, still an honored and useful citizen of Vancouver, a man whose upright character and desire to be of service to others has given him a warm place in the esteem of all who know him. A town with a newspaper is going ahead, and things in every way looked bright for Vancouver. On every hand there were men cutting down the timber, burning the stumps and blasting the rocks. But on June 13th of the year of its incorporation, a wind sprang up, fanned the burning heaps into a fierce blaze, and swept the young city into a blackened heap. Some twenty-five people perished in the conflagration, and only one poor building was left standing. But when the ashes cooled the men started in again, and to-day the city bids fair to outdistance all competitors, and be the Liverpool of the Pacific. Away over the 100,000 mark in population, and forging still ahead, the city is really a marvel, even in these days of swift, modern development. Its situation is unique and unexcelled. Surrounding a great harbor, and sheltered by the magnificent coast range of mountains the city is superbly fitted for business and for pleasure as well. Miles of asphalted

streets, picturesque reaches of boulevards and parks, handsome residential sections and a forest of business houses all lend to the city an air of beauty and solidity unsurpassed. As I saw the splendid automobile fire-fighting machinery the other day, swift in movement, and with inexhaustible water supply from the descending mountain streams, I could not but think of the day when the young city without protection, was swept into hopeless ruin.

The climate at the coast is mild, with cool nights all the year round, though the rainy season in winter is considered by some to be gloomy and uncomfortable. But when it breaks up into a clear mild space of a week or two of what is ordinarily winter elsewhere, people forget in some degree the rain they have experienced before. The probability is that a good many people east of the mountains will find their way, on retiring, to the coast cities, as the climate there is in pleasant contrast to some of the severe seasons on the prairie.

The progress of Vancouver since I saw it last, nearly seven years ago, is, I repeat, nothing short of a marvel, and there are many indications to encourage one in believing that the things that really matter are being kept well to the front. The churches are numerous, handsome, and well attended, men being in the majority in the congregations. This is true also of most places in the west. One cannot fail to see in Vancouver the splendid provision made along charitable and benevolent lines. Homes and orphanages and hospitals occupy most advantageous positions and are supported with generosity. The school buildings are of the finest possible type, while the new university and college buildings on Point Grey will be the best, doubtless, that circumstances demand.

There has been much discussion of late about Vancouver and its prosperity. It is practically impossible for the city to keep on growing in the same proportion as for the last few years, and for land prices to increase in the same ratio but Vancouver is bound to be a great city. The real estate business just now is overdone in many ways, but there will be a weeding out of the surplus speculators, and some of the airy fabrics and dreams of wealth will be dissolved. But the city will go on its way of progress, though perhaps on saner ways than

some would follow. Nothing in the ordinary course of human events can prevent Vancouver from becoming one of the big cities of the Empire

Vancouver is one of the first of the large cities to adopt the single tax. Edmonton, Calgary, and some others follow. This is an eminently wise thing in cities where absent investors are disposed to hold lots until other people build a city around them and make them valuable. The land question is a bigger one than many suppose, and its study will yet produce many things in amelioration of some present conditions.

One who visits Vancouver cannot help being struck with the high prices that prevail in regard to domestic and household needs. Living is much higher than in the East. But one can also say safely that the general scale of living in Vancouver is extravagant. The phenomenal rise in prices of land has enriched many suddenly, and there is a general disposition to throw money around in a way that is not quite healthy. There is an extreme of penuriousness that is excessively belittling to human intelligence, but there is an extreme of extravagance which is absolutely criminal, and a vulgar display of money which complicates the whole social problem. Happy are they who can strike the happy medium and be content

XV.

Victoria and Return

I DID not visit Victoria this time owing to pressure of engagements, and owing to the fact that some friends there were absent from home. But I have been often enough there to speak of the great beauty of that splendid residential city. Victoria has not been so much affected by the rising commercial spirit as some other places. Situated on Vancouver Island, six hours sail from the mainland, the city has not been booming. There has been steady and quiet growth, but nothing to disturb unduly the even tenor of the ways. Victoria is the Capital city and the government buildings, which, taking the surroundings into account, are the most beautiful in Canada, give the place an air of

fine distinction. Climate and everything considered, Victoria is secure in her place as perhaps the choicest city on the continent in which to reside. With the development taking place on Vancouver Island and closer connection by rail, ferry or otherwise, with the mainland ports, Victoria may come into considerably more prominence as a commercial centre, but one would almost prefer to see this beautiful city remain as a place in which residential rather than mercantile features would be prominent.

Return Trip is Begun

I left Vancouver on the return journey with warm appreciation of that city's great hospitality and came back through the mountains on the main line of the C.P.R.—a constantly changing panorama of the most majestic scenery on the round globe. One could speak much of the wondrous peaks clad in perpetual snow and ice, of the rushing rivers like the mad-flowing "Kicking Horse" tumbling in a wild way in their hurry to get to the sea or the plain, of the Great Divide, where the waters part to the East and West, of the delightful spots marked by places like Field and Glacier and Banff, but descriptions are all far short of the reality. One would like to say a word for the way in which elaborate provision is made for the safety of the travelling public, so that accidents in the mountains are almost unknown, though trains wind their way on rocky shelves, or plunge over and over again into miles of tunnels and snowsheds. The spiral tunnel through which the train overcomes the grade in the height of the Rockies is wonderful as an engineering feat, for the train simply glides into the mountain, and turning around inside it, comes out above or below the place of entrance, according as the journey is east or west. Then Banff, the nation's park, with its scenic beauty, its rugged strength, as well as its constantly moving herd of buffalo, amply repays one for a few days' stop over.

Lord Strathcona

I cannot leave the mountains behind without recalling to the eyes of the readers one of the great historic scenes in the history of Canada. It is back

there by the little railroad station of Craigellachie,—a name which in turn calls up the "Stand Fast" motto of an ancient Highland clan. By this Craigellachie in the Rocky Mountain range a special train from the East halted in September, 1885. The workmen laying the track from the Eastern and the Western ends of the Canadian Pacific had met and laid the last rail and the last spike was then to be driven. From the halted train there comes a white haired but alert active man, accompanied by a number of prominent railroad officials. There were Van Horne, the constructive genius, MacTavish the land commissioner and others, but the white-haired man, whose name was Donald A. Smith, was the only man thought of as having the preeminent right to drive the last spike to weld Confederation together by a band of steel, and join the two great oceans by a new link. History approves the choice. For years Donald A. Smith had been coming steadily to the front. Leaving Forres in Scotland, a poor lad, he had begun work in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in bleak Labrador, and by tremendous perseverance and overmastering ability he had forged ahead until he became governor of that remarkable organization. When the first Riel rebellion threatened to spread and keep the New West out of Confederation indefinitely, the Government of Canada sent Donald A. Smith as a special commissioner to the West, and with consummate courage and tact he undermined the authority of the rebel chief. Representing Winnipeg for a time in the House of Commons at Ottawa he did great service in the days of formative legislation, and then becoming a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he, more than any other man, helped that road to bore its way through apparently impassible difficulties. Knighted for this great service he was asked by the Dominion Government to represent Canada as High Commissioner at the Heart of the Empire where his courtly bearing, his diplomatic wisdom and his lavish hospitality have given Canada a new standing in the eyes of the world. When the Empire in South Africa was in danger, he alone of all the subjects thereof undertook the personal expense of putting a regiment in the field for the service of the country. And now in an honored old age he is giving of his means in all directions as he has always done, to Christian and philanthropic

causes. It is impossible for anyone who knows all the facts to withhold a tribute of admiration and respect in the presence of such a career. And as we leave the mountains on the great railway whose last spike he drove we think again of the poor Forres boy making his way to a peerage of the realm.

XVI.

Calgary, Edmonton and Eastward

BUT now we are out on the plain again, and racing down to Calgary, the big city of the foothill country. Calgary seems very much a city of men—men everywhere moving up and down the streets, till we wonder what they are all doing. But Calgary is a distributing point and doubtless many of these pass on to other places. I had time on my return trip to have a ride on Calgary's municipally owned street railway, for most of these Western cities control the public utilities. Edmonton even controls its own telephones and enjoys the revenue from them. The Edmonton Fair, which will likely be to Alberta what the Toronto Fair is to Ontario, was in course of progress as I came through and an afternoon there was worth while. The whole affair was remarkable, considering the youth of the city and province. The buildings and grounds are of great extent. The exhibits were for the most part good, though I was disappointed at the poor stamp of horses in the various classes. Neither on the streets of Edmonton nor at the fair grounds did I see good horses, nothing to compare with even our local fairs in Ontario. However, Alberta will no doubt get beyond the broncho and mustang stage in the horse line as well as in other things. They are moving swiftly.

The Western Railroad Centre

Edmonton bids fair to be a great railroad centre. The big transcontinentals are all in there and radiating outwards in all directions. And at the time I was there an old personal friend and a member of my former congregation in Winnipeg, Mr. J. D. McArthur, was there

completing arrangements to build a road, whose charter he bought, from Edmonton to Fort George, in British Columbia. McArthur is a Glengarry man, now in middle life, who came to the West some years ago, and started work at railroading and lumbering. He had no capital beyond a good head and a strong will, and a good natured temperament. He persevered in the face of many obstacles and has to his credit now the fact that he has built more miles of railway than any individual contractor in Canada. He built the hardest section of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the rock section east of Winnipeg, and is now starting to build the Hudson's Bay Railway from the Pas to the Bay. Besides that he is, as we have said, now building a railway of his own from Edmonton. But when I had tea and spent an evening in his home in Winnipeg the other day I found him the same kindly, simple-hearted man as in the old days of struggle, the kind of man who is a credit to the name Canadian.

From Edmonton I came back on the Canadian Northern, passing amongst other places, one of the most phenomenal of western cities, Saskatoon, on the South Saskatchewan. A few years ago it was a little wooden village on the prairie; to-day it is a city of over 20,000 people, has a host of splendid brick business houses and wholesale blocks, the finest school and church buildings and nearly all the accessories of a modern city. The University of Saskatchewan is here and is erecting unusually fine buildings on a large tract of land overlooking the river. There is also a Provincial Agricultural College with large farm annexed. The crops looked well, and on the whole Saskatoon, thronged with men, looked very prosperous. Fortunes have been made in Saskatoon real estate very rapidly, but the time for making fortunes by great leaps in prices has gone by for a while in this and other western towns. There are many speculators who are putting "extensions" on the market which lie a long way from the centre of the cities around which they extend in the West, and investors at a distance had better find out where lots are before purchasing.

Places like Moose Jaw on the main line of the C. P. R. are enjoying a fine share of the general prosperity, and Regina, from one of the bleakest situations

I ever knew in the early days, has become a really fine and ornamental city. But as we run through the harvest fields of Southern Manitoba, as we had gone west through Northern Manitoba, one is disposed to think that Manitoba in proportion to her size leads all the prairie provinces in point of productiveness and early date for harvest. Of course, it is the oldest under cultivation and ought to be in the lead. But some parts of it have been badly enough farmed—farmed to death, so to speak—and people will have to learn to farm fewer acres and farm them better. The soil is wonderful, but the sower and the seed are essentials to a harvest.

XVII.

Winnipeg Again

ON coming back to Winnipeg I had another day or two in which to look around. One change was apparent on my arrival, for I had left for the farther west on the C.N.R. from the old tumble-down station and when I returned we steamed into the magnificent new union station erected by the C. N. R. and the G. T. P. on Main street, opposite the site of old Fort Garry. This station is one which when fully completed will, for spaciousness and architecture, compare more than favorably with the best stations in Eastern Canada. Nearby the Grand Trunk Pacific is preparing to erect a palatial hotel, to which they are, with reference to the founder of the famous fort on the Red River, giving the name of Fort Garry. The fare and the general comfort of the new hotel will doubtless be an immeasurable advance on the condition of the early colonists who camped on this spot a century ago and had to hunt buffalo in the fierce winter for a living. It remains to be seen whether the guests at the sumptuous hotel will affect history as favorably as the early pioneers,—plain living and high thinking go wonderfully well together.

At the other end of the main street the C. P. R. has its western headquarters, and a little to the westward, on what I knew as bare prairie a few years ago, there is an overhead bridge from which one can view the

largest railway yards under one management in the world. One cannot think of the C. P. R. in the West without thinking of the general manager for a score of years—William Whyte, recently knighted on the Coronation list. Sir William is a Fife-shire man who had to make his own way from boyhood. Ever since he was general manager of the western lines he has exercised his authority with consummate prudence and caution. He has had many difficulties to cope with, especially when the C. P. R. was unpopular by reason of there being no other railroad allowed to build in the West. But all through, Whyte commended himself as a man of unblemished character; as well as a man of resource and courage. A strong feature in his popularity has been his uniform courtesy and accessibility. He has never acted the "sceptred hermit," he leaves his office door on the swing and sees everyone who wishes to see him. Hence, while dignified, he is popular on all sides, and the new title, while gratifying to his friends as an evidence of appreciation of one of the Empire-builders, was not necessary as an adjunct to attract the esteem and respect of all who know him.

While in Winnipeg I had a run down by the old familiar road along the Red River to see the St. Andrew's Locks, which enhance the navigability of that historic stream. For the last thirty years the St. Andrew's Locks have been in politics and every one who ran for the Dominion House guaranteed that they would be built if he was elected. But, as some one said, the Locks grew grey with years, and were still in the realm of imagination until two or three years ago, when Mr. D. W. Bole, M.P. for Winnipeg, secured their erection. The whole structure is an admirable piece of work and as I stood by the other day I figuratively lifted my hat to Mr. Bole, a personal friend and a member of my Winnipeg congregation, whose Presbyterian perseverance and political sagacity had made the Locks an actuality.

Winnipeg Parks

On the same day I had opportunity for studying the park system of Winnipeg, going especially over the City Park, some miles from the centre of the city, and a fine recreation ground of some four hundred acres. Facing

the park is the new site for the University of Manitoba on one hundred and fifty acres of land. The Agricultural College buildings in this locality are to be handed over for a Children's Home and other similar institutions, while the College seeks larger grounds further out. On every hand there are tokens of Winnipeg's prosperity and growth, but here as elsewhere investors at a distance should know what and where they are buying. Even Winnipeg has its limitations.

The Fathers of Western Greatness

On closing this series of letters, written on train and boat and by the wayside, I wish to pay affectionate tribute to the profound worth and signal achievements of the men who, from the beginning, have labored to keep alive in the West the highest ideals of life, the power of the unseen and the grandeur of the eternal realities. Without these men the West might have become a wild, lawless and wholly materialistic country. The names of these men, missionaries and educationists, come to me from the past out of all the churches—McCrea, Anderson, Matheson, Black, Nisbet, King, Robertson, McDougall, Young and the rest, a race of prophets who, careless about the things of this world, found their joy in building schools and churches and colleges to keep vivid the sense of God and the nobler sanctions of human life. And while we honor the men who have opened up the material resources of the country, the men who have transformed the sod of the prairie into smiling farms, the men who have gridironed the plains with steel and have driven their iron horses through the Mountains to drink on the Pacific shore, let us venerate the memory of men who, amid much privation and loneliness, kept alive everywhere the idea of the things that shall endure when the earth and seas have passed away and the heavens are rolled up like a scroll. And it is good to know that they have successors in all the churches, and the country needs them all. I met them everywhere; men grown grey in the service and young lads on the mission fields on the prairie and in the mountains and by the sea, and I felt it an honor to be asked to take their services, as I did during every Sunday of my journey. For with the impouring of

immigrants, many of whom come from lower civilizations, with the congestion of foreigners in great areas of the country, with the menace of Mormonism, and the constant danger of materialism, we must look to the church and school and college and university to hold the land for the highest things. As yet we are only at the beginning of this country's greatness:

"We hear the tread of nations
Of empires yet to be
The dull low wash of waves where yet
Shall roll a human sea."

* And if we are true to ourselves and to God then we can see no necessary limit to the future of Canada.

